

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER PROUDHON

Labadie
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no. 122

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Whole No. 122.

*"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou stay us, we will trust in thee."*

JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

That witty and philosophical tramp, "Radical Jack," who writes for the Chicago "Labor Enquirer," addresses the following question to Frank Foster, Henry George, Lawrence Gronlund, and other social reformers: "What would be the first measures you would adopt if you were the dictator of the world?" A very pertinent and sensible question when addressed to those who expect to achieve the millennium by sovereign decree, and of such are all, save one, of those whom "Radical Jack" addresses. The single exception is myself, an Anarchist; and to ask such a question of an Anarchist is manifest absurdity. Why, the first, and necessarily the last, act of mine as the dictator of the world would be to sentence myself to the gallows.

The last "Freidenker" contains a report of a lecture in opposition to Anarchy and Socialism which its editor, C. H. Boppe, delivered recently before a Milwaukee audience. The first two paragraphs convinced me that it would be a pure waste of valuable time to read the rest of the lecture. The first sentence opens with the remarkable declaration that the Anarchists recognize in Jean Jacques Rousseau one of the founders of their school of thought, and another closes with the assertion that, in assuming a certain position, Rousseau became "a Communist and an Anarchist." Now it is my habit to reason with well-meaning people whose ignorance leads them to talk nonsense upon the subject of Anarchism, and to advise them to go, inform themselves, and sin no more. But when a liberal editor, who knows that he knows nothing about the subject of his lecture, and who knows also that his profound ignorance cannot remain a secret to those who do know, has the audacity to appear in the part of a critic and judge, it only remains to paraphrase that brilliant aphorism of Ludwig Börne, thus: Every man has undoubtedly the right to make a fool of himself, but Liberal critics of Anarchy abuse that right.

The London "Commonweal," congratulating "Jus" upon its break with the Liberty and Property Defence League, says: "An honest enemy is the very thing that we need most, and if 'Jus' can only cut loose from the Lords of Land and Lust, and stand out squarely upon Individualist lines, pandering to no man's pride and paltering to no man's prejudice, it will receive no heartier welcome than from the enemy it seeks to oppose." Pure hypocrisy this. Auberon Herbert seems to fill this bill, but I have never seen any hearty welcome extended to his views by the "Commonweal" or the State Socialistic press of England. On the contrary, the attitude of these papers towards him, to the best of my judgment at this distance, has been one of almost contemptuous neglect. And Liberty, which has never been connected with the Lords of Land and Lust, which has always championed the most extreme Individualism without regard to pride or prejudice, and which by the inherent weight of its arguments has slowly established a propaganda whose ramifications penetrate to the remote corners of the earth, does not remember to have received the smallest word of recognition from the "Commonweal." Not that it courts such. It simply establishes the fact in order to expose

the insincerity of the "Commonweal's" professions in regard to "Jus."

The last three meetings of the Anarchists' Club were addressed respectively by A. H. Simpson, Mrs. Lucy E. Parsons, and George Schumm, Mr. Simpson discussing the question whether our fathers understood liberty, Mrs. Parsons the Chicago executions, and Mr. Schumm the Anarchistic solution of the labor problem. All were largely attended, especially the second, which, besides being commemorative of the birth of the Paris Commune, presented Mrs. Parsons for the first time to a Boston audience. The hall was packed to the doors, and many were turned away. The next meeting will be held in Codman Hall, 176 Tremont Street, on Sunday, April 22, at half past two o'clock, and will be addressed by Victor Yarros, who will review the economic heresies of George Gunton and the eight-hour philosophy as set forth in Gunton's "Wealth and Progress." In another column Mr. Yarros, with his usual keenness, disposes of certain secondary considerations brought forward by men like Comrade Labadie in support of the short-hours movement as an educational rather than an economic measure; in his coming lecture he will examine the position of those bold but short-sighted philosophers who look upon short hours as the key to the labor problem. The debates at the Anarchists' Club meetings are generally, to say the least, vivacious, but on this occasion it is expected that the fur will fly. The eight-hour topic is a very exciting one.

Such a Thing as Enough.

[Brick Pomeroy.]

Too much is always more disastrous than none at all, as too much brings contempt for the thing itself and a dulling of the zeal for something else as well.

One of the curses of this country is too much legislation. The man who minds his own business, and in minding it concedes the same right to others, has more friends, more comfort, more success, and more happiness than does he who is constantly slopping over.

Meddlesomeness is inexcusable in individuals, and intolerant and baneful in legislation or law-making for the multitude. Freedom, liberty, and such words are found in dictionaries, but each year marks a decrease of the original article. As a man surcingle or puts a band around a horse, and draws it till he kills the horse or breaks the band, so are the people of this country, by the chain of legislation, denying liberty and paving the way for the clouds of evils that arise from too much law.

In this country it is already a fact that, when a man cannot personally force his ideas into the life of a neighbor, he sets about rigging up a legislative propellant that shall bind the victim, and then, with the help of those who skin on shares or work for fees, pump the objectionable in or draw the milk out.

If you wish an appliance that will shorten the freedom of your neighbor, go to the legislature and have it made,—that is, if there are none already in stock. There are some places on the skin not yet covered by some kind of legislative plaster. A very few breathing pores left open. A few places where the stomach pump of taxation has not been inserted for the benefit of the inserters, but these spots or places are fast disappearing under the operation of the legislative cauterizer and puncturer.

Here are a few things that could once be done by man which must now be done by law, or with a tether.

A child must not be conceived till a priest or magistrate has had his fee and granted a permit.

The mother of the child cannot be attended by a midwife or physician unless selected by the legislature.

She cannot take medicine that is not prescribed by the legislature, nor can she have her feet or head or body rubbed

save by some person to whom the legislature has sold a sheep-skin or diploma.

The child must not attend school or study from other books than those set up by law.

The care of the child is natural with its parents or guardians, but legislation steps in and says where the child must and must not go, what amusements it can have, and all this regardless of the rights of the parents to control their children till they pass the equatorial line and engage for themselves.

As he grows, he finds that he cannot kiss a girl, except in conformity to law. That he cannot have a tooth pulled or plucked except by legislation. Cannot eat bread that is not made by legislation. Cannot use butter, gravy, syrup, hair oil, or axle grease on his bread without legislation. That he cannot own cattle without applying to them a legislative brand. That he cannot play billiards, play cards, use tobacco, drink beer, or do chores on the Sabbath without a permit from legislation.

As he becomes a man he learns that he cannot stand a moment in front of another man's house, enjoy a ride behind his trotting mare, see the belligerent roosters wrangle in the barnyard, get into or out of his place of business, hurrah for Jackson or Blaine, or float a log down stream to a saw-mill, without legislation and a red tag of some kind that costs him more or less, paid to the fee snatcher. That he can not practise medicine, sell a work of art, dispose of a book, put an advertisement in a newspaper, buy a ticket at a church fair, guess on the weight of a hog or the number of beans in a bag, grind wheat or have it ground, kill the dog that kills his sheep, get on or off a railway train, establish a drinking fountain, or bury his dead without legislation. That he cannot express his opinion of a public thief, print an account of a lottery, or engage in a co-operative business without legislation.

That he cannot skate with his sweetheart, be free from his wife who has run away with another man, keep a house for the entertainment of travellers, build a bridge across a creek or river, open a highway, pay a note, employ a servant, or settle the estate of a deceased friend or relative without legislation.

That legislation has forbidden him to read a book printed in another country, wear a coat, use a coffee mill, take pills, use a corn plaster, play on a mouth organ, ring a bell, thread a needle, wear jewelry, or use any article, except paupers, made in other countries, without legislation. That he cannot put his business card on the outside of an envelope or wrapper, pay a debt, deposit money in a bank, give an order payable at his own store, circulate printed notes, wear a low-necked shirt, dress in female attire, or turn out on the public highway, without the direction of legislation.

That a person cannot express his ideas of God or man, good or evil, religion or people, without legislation. That he cannot remain on earth or get to heaven without legislation. That he cannot establish a park, or kill hens, or hang a sign over his store door without legislation. That he cannot sell apples, peanuts, shoe strings, or Bibles on the streets without legislation. That he cannot go into another State to sell goods, buy and own a tract of land, insure his life, dispose of short-weight silver dollars, even if we trust in God, without legislation.

Between the legislation and law-making that is going on by heads of families, heads of churches, societies, fashion, manufacturing monopolies, trades unions, Knights of Labor, boycott associations, boards of aldermen, town officials, county officials, State legislatures, Congress, and Almighty God, one is justified in thinking it barely possible that there is already too much of a good thing, and that liberty, freedom of conscience, and self-government are a job lot up for sale as relics, if not already parted with.

And yet, in Congress and in the State legislatures in session last year, nearly thirty thousand new laws were proposed, while the rate of applications for new laws this year indicates that a total of about forty thousand new laws will be asked for, and that thousands of new ones will be obtained. At this rate twenty-five years from now the number of courts in this country will be threefold the present number, and between usury and litigation the man who wants to be honest will be completely crucified, as was Jesus, between two invited thieves.

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THE RAG-PICKER OF PARIS.

By FELIX PYAT.

Translated from the French by Benj. R. Tucker.

PART FIRST.
THE BASKET.

CHAPTER II.

THE HOTEL CRILLON.

Continued from No. 121.

Ah! to yield one's possessions when dying,—death gives the title to the living, say nature and the law,—but to see one's self succeeded while alive, and by his own fault! That is enough to drive one mad. That is to die twice.

His mistress, this other queen of another carnival festivity, a sylph, a fairy, a pure vision of gauze and roses, was doubtless more beautiful and yet more revolting than the queen of the den of harlots in the Rue Galande. She was a traitor. The one at least wanted, from a feeling of fidelity and savage justice, to avenge her man, the other killed hers.

The charm was broken.

"Impossible," sobbed the wretch, overwhelmed. "I am not a mask, but a man damned by gaming, ruin, debt, and forgery, insolvent, dishonored, betrayed, accursed! This successor is my creditor. This palace is prison, is shame. I should be ignominiously turned out, or arrested. Ah! better still is liberty!"

For a moment longer the ousted man looked at the windows, before which were passing in confusion, as in a magic dream, all the magnetisms of the ball-room, the couples clasped in the waltz, the golden trays loaded with cut-glass, under the chandeliers streaming with light, and the enchanting orchestra covering all these fairy apparitions with its floods of harmony; and then he threw a farewell, a loud groan of indignation and of anguish, at the echoes of the festival, and resumed his course, with lowered head and haggard eyes, fleeing in shame and rage, pursued by the Nemesis of his ruined life.

"*Mawais biffin!*" said an officer stationed at the door. "He is running away with his booty. I am suspicious. Suppose I arrest him?"

And the bloodhound gave chase.

But the rag-picker duke kept on running, and, having a start, distanced his pursuer, and was soon out of reach, sight, and scent, far from the Rue de Lille, striding along the Quai Voltaire, where the noise of his steps was lost in the rushing torrent of the river, whose flow was swollen by the melting snows. Thus he was able to continue his desperate course towards a future which was the consequence and contrast of his past.

CHAPTER III.

THE QUAI D'AUSTERLITZ.

Still running, lashed like a top by the wind and his emotion, carried away, absorbed, Garousse reached the height of the bridge of Austerlitz.

There, out of breath, in despair, surrendering to fatigue and want, he sank upon a stone bench and took his head in his hands, calling up in his mind his past, present, and future, his grandeur, fortune, friends, and loves, his follies and his fall, everything, in short, even to the last scenes of this carnival *soirée*.

The night grew colder and colder and darker and darker. At intervals the moon emerged from the clouds which eclipsed it, exhibiting against the background of the horizon, in a dissolving view, the monuments of Paris, palaces and temples, covered with a shroud of snow.

Garousse raised his head to view this dismal scene which answered to his affliction and harmonized with the end of his life. Nature's mourning penetrated through his eyes to the very bottom of his heart.

"A rag-picker, I! the Duke de Crillon-Garousse," he exclaimed bitterly. "Enough of such suffering. At least no one recognized me. This misery, this hook, this basket, oh! it is filthy, infamous, impossible. I shall never be reconciled to it after the life that I have led. No, I will not do it; death rather!"

He sprang to his feet with a bound, as if moved by a spring. His mind was made up. He abandoned his basket, threw down his hook, and, with a last gesture, hurled his hat far away. Then, resolutely, he walked to the parapet.

In face of suicide man is a moribund, but a voluntary moribund. Desperate, on the verge of the void, he feels at once the terrors of the agony and the attractions of death. Garousse instinctively allowed himself a respite for this bitter enjoyment, to breathe a last whiff of air, of life, of fright, and of horror.

He lent ear to the splash of the water rolling under the arches of the bridge with gleams which shone with the reflection of the moon and seemed like points of steel bristling to receive him.

The quai was silent and deserted, disturbed only by the distant noise of carriages, the sound of a popular refrain, *Forever wine!* and the staggering footsteps of a drunken man approaching the bridge.

It was a rag-picker, doubtless, for he carried on his shoulder an old sack made of cotton cloth, in his right hand a hook, and in the other a lantern. Dressed in a ragged blouse, on his head a soiled undress-cap, dirty and wet to the skin, he advanced, insensible to the wind and the rain, contentedly singing and chattering.

At some distance from Garousse, seized by a drunkard's whim, he began to contemplate the moon shining at its full.

"Ah, old girl! so you're gettin' up," he said to it familiarly and with the faubourg accent. "Goezh without sayin' that the sun 'zh gone t'bed. The sun and the moon! Ah! ah! what a fine household! When Monsieur get'sh up, Madame goezh t'bed. Misfortune! at that rate if there are even t'be any little onesh, the comet will have t'step in. Wretches of stars, get away! If it is not shameful for a moon to cross the heavensh 'lone in such weather. You confounded giddy girl, go find your male, with your night-cap, and faster than that. Ash f'me, I will not. . . . Oh! you know very well that you will not s'duce Jean. Away with you! You're not the girl I love. Thash cert'n!"

And when he had thus barked at the moon, the drunken man, whose open face was beaming with good humor and liquor, came back to his passion and his song:

Forever wine!
Forever juice divine!
In it, while life is mine,
I'll find a source of cheer.

Jean was the name of this robust and hearty man of forty years, a jolly dog of the Faubourg Antoine, broad-backed, bronzed by the open air and by drink, well

made, by chance, some child of love, and in good condition in spite of misery, intemperance, and even intemperance, thanks to his out-door life, to Doctor Oxygen, and to carelessness,—an erratic block of Paris. He had the fire and vigor of the country, the sly and Gallic humor of the capital, all the beauty of health and especially of good nature, features as large as his heart,—the substance moulds its form,—in short, the serenity of disinterestedness or of omnipotence, which the ancients called *joviality*, *ab Jove*, after the very Father of the Gods, Bacchus included.

By the grace of this divine son of Jupiter's leg, however, Jean could scarcely stand upon his own. He continued his drunken babble:

"Sh queer; they say a glass o' wine sustains. Well, I have drunk more'n fifteen, and I can't hold m'self up. A child could knock me down. I haven't drunk 'nough, thash sure. What I need 'sh drop o' brandy."

He stumbled over Garousse's hat, which he picked up with a thrust of his hook and stuffed into his sack.

"Good!" he exclaimed with a shout of joy. "There'sh a beaver for my Sundays."

Garousse turned round abruptly and saw the drunkard a few steps from him.

"Some one coming," said he. "I must end."

He rushed towards the parapet, and bestrode it at a bound.

For a moment he remained suspended between the quai and the river, between life and death.

But Jean, with a violent effort, had thrown himself upon Garousse and seized him by the skirt of his coat; then, as the duke fell back upon the ground, he took him around the waist, and, in a comical tone of surprise and sympathy, said:

"Well, friend, where are you going? Sh that the way you liquidate?"

"That does not concern you," cried Garousse, struggling.

"But if you are my fellow," said Jean, humanely, still holding him, in fear of a second attempt.

"Your fellow! Filthy beast! Go to bed."

"Thash just what I've been tellin' the moon," said the imperturbable Jean. "You're the beast, to go into the water. Man'sh not a toad. If I were not a man, I'd let you jump and fish you out again, alive for five dollars or dead for ten. What fun, hey!"

"Go away! let me go," resumed Garousse, softened by this good nature; "I have had enough of life. I prefer to die at once rather than die by inches, of hunger."

"Of what! of what! One dies only of thirst. Come 'n take a drop. Sh my treat."

"No, let me alone, I tell you; it is my idea. I am tired of suffering."

But in spite of everything Jean dragged him to the stone bench, and began to moralize with his drunken obstinacy.

"There, there," said he, gently. "Come, tell me your troubles. What is it that disturbs you? Poverty? If thash all, I'll cure you. But not by water first; on the contrary, by wine."

And he sang with his hoarse voice:

Of every ill it is the cure.

Then continuing his flow:

"Come, there'sh hope yet. You're not mad if you like water. Duck, away with you! Just change your drink, and if I don't save you, Jean's word for it, we'll plunge in together and I'll pay the toll."

Some carriages went by them, and masqueraders passed in their vicinity.

Garousse, weary of resisting, sank back upon the bench.

"Tick of a drunkard," he muttered, resignedly. "I must not oppose him. I'll wait till he goes away."

The compassionate rag-picker, as if divining his intention, sat down beside him, and resumed his exposition of principles with the effusiveness of intoxication.

"When one has sorrows, my dear man, he must drown 'em; he must drink. But the foam of the grape, the healing draught of Bacchus, a cooling potion. You see, I've been through it. I know how you feel. I too was born to be milord,—farce that it is,—despair and kill m'self. Well, I have drunk and saved m'self. When I have drunk, my poverty 'sh gone. I have Paris and Bercy. I'm richer 'n happier 'n a wholesale wine-merchant. I see everything in beaut'ful colors; all is red and rosy; my rags are velvet, my bones ivory, my old iron bullion, my cotton sack a wicker basket" . . .

Jean gave a cry of indignation. He had just observed Garousse's basket.

"Ah! so you have a basket, you! And more'n that, an elegant one. And new besides. Out upon you, risht'erat! And you complain! Here'sh a pretty fellow, —hash basket 'n wants t' kill himself. What is it, then, that Mossieu desires? A wax candle pr'aps t' light his way and a plated hook t' pick up his bonds. . . . and the Bank o' France in the bargain."

And crossing his arms, he asked:

"Wha'sh'll I say, then, I who have only a sack, and not a new one either?"

Coming back to his fixed idea and to his revelry, he exclaimed:

"I'm choking with thirst. I don't understand why one should kill himself. . . . and by water too. The deluge, wretch, out upon it! And Noah's vineyard and the rainbow. . . . th' little white, th' big blue, th' free red, th' three-six, Mother Moreau, Father Niquet, and Son Cognac, all th' cons'lations of life. Out upon you! you're ungrateful t' the creator. Do's I do, rather. . . . Here!"

He handed his flask to Garousse, who refused it with a gesture of disgust.

"Be sens'ble," insisted Jean, without taking offence. "Drink! Drink cash down or on credit, by th' glass, by th' hour, by th' month, by th' year, as you can; but drink always and in spite of everything, and you'll think no more of trouble. You'll live t'be older 'n a patriarch, and fresher 'n more alive 'n Methuselah. . . . and every day Saint Mardi Gras."

The drunken man rose, excited by his own spirit, and, as if to fortify precept by example, emptied his flask.

"I who speak t'you," he continued, in a transport, "see, with a pint o' brandy in my belly and a quid o' tobacco in my mouth, the earth can no longer hold me; it has pavements only for me. . . . and I haven't 'nough o' them; I walk zig-zag, backwards and forwards, from one side of the street to the other; I ricochet like a shell; I am th' equal of the thunder; a wall 'sh not m' master; I could break a throne, I could stop a train, I could overturn the column. I no longer know anything, either cold or hunger, either pain or death, nothing at all. I live then as I have drunk, full to the brim, and I sing with a heart full of joy:

"Forever wine!
Forever juice divine!"

Garousse rose in turn, exasperated by impatience, and said in an angry and threatening tone:

"So that is your suicide, you dirty wretch? I prefer mine. Every one to his taste. I like water better than your wine, drunkard. I tell you that I want to die. Make room, or I will kill you."

from police regulation without instantly rushing into adultery? It would really seem so. But if that be your state of mind, it only furnishes another striking proof of the power which your friends the Socialists attribute to constraint in enhancing and inflaming the normal appreciation of sensual delights.

And here I drop my pen. I have used it freely to express the indignation which every true man must feel at seeing an eminent public station, like that of the editor of a religious newspaper, perverted to the wanton defamation of private character and the profligate obstruction of humane enterprise.

I am yours, etc.,

HENRY JAMES.

Then followed several communications between the "Observer" and Mr. James, which are omitted. Anything in them pertinent to this discussion is contained in the excerpts indicated by quotation marks.

To be continued.

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PART FIRST.

THE BASKET.

Continued from No. 122.

"Shut up before the hour! I protest," he exclaimed; "I'll enter a complaint." Garousse threw him aside, and in a furious voice shouted:

"Hold! You really worry me. Stand off, or this time I strike."

Jean drew back into the axis of the parapet, and, stretching out his arms, still barred the passage.

"Ah! Monsieur 'sh angry," said he, in a tone of irony. "Excuse me! Monsieur then prefers water t' wine, like the Grand Turk! Ash you please, sultan, and so much th' worse if you don't know how t' swim. You'll be put in the Morgue. . . and in the newspapers, with all the honors due your rank."

The duke shivered as if the cold marble had just touched him. Exposed on the slab, paraded in the press, he! Oh! He had not thought of this outrage upon suicides, of these dregs of the cup.

Jean, seeing that he wavered, redoubled his moral death-dance, and, striking his forehead, cried:

"Stop! I have egzactly your story in my sack."

"My story?" said Garousse, surprised.

"In black and white and in the 'Officiel.' Precisely that!" replied the rag-picker.

"In the 'Officiel'? It isn't possible," exclaimed Garousse, sitting down again. "Let us look at it; can you read?"

"A little, my nevvy," answered Jean, confidently.

He handed his lantern to Garousse and drew from his sack a bit of newspaper.

"Yes," said he, "I read this while I was drinkin' over there at th' inn; I should have got tipsy, as you say, if they hadn't passed me back the drunkard's glass 'thout rinsing it; thash why I preach t' you so well. Listen:

"ANOTHER SUICIDE."

He interrupted himself to attend to the charred wick of his candle.

"Snuff yourself," said he. "I can't see a thing."

And he continued slowly, reading without slurring his words, stammering:

"A man in the prime of life has just been taken from the Seine and carried to the Morgue. He should have been taken on a hurdle. Hm! what sort of 'n animal 'sh that? Well, never mind, I haven't my dictionary. A letter found on him proves that he was one more madman unable to endure the trials of life. Thirst, for sure. 'Better dead than poor, said this crazy coward. Hear that?"

"Really," said Garousse, shrugging his shoulders, "morality from below followed by morality from above! Go on."

Jean, reeling about in his seat and his eyes fixed on the piece of paper, resumed his reading.

"There is no greater crime against religion and soci-i-e-e-ty than suicide, that son of idleness and pride! Suicide is the brother of murder. Worse, perhaps. It is murder without the risk. The man who commits it is a guilty coward, a deserter, a merchant of wine"—No, theresh no wine there—"a merchant who goes into bankruptcy, everything that is cowardly and vile." And so forth and so on. Yes, as much as to say the comrade who does not empty his glass, a pretender, a good-for-nothing, a blunderhead. 'He is' . . . but the paper's torn. To be continued in our next. What an oration, hey? What an epitaph! How it strikes home! How pat! The purest of wisdom! What have you to answer, coward? Hey? Drown yourself now, if you want to."

And brutally, as if branding the duke, the rag-picker clapped the bit of newspaper on his shoulder, saying in his rough drunken voice:

"Theresh your mark. Keep it!"

Then he started off, staggering and grumbling:

"Hm! Hm! The reading has made me hoarse. I'm off to get a drink. Farewell!"

Garousse took the newspaper and read the passage again.

"Yes," said he, bitterly, "fine morality to be read at the table at the Maison-Dorée. Ah! thus the world treats those who wish to rid it of their presence, who, like myself, prefer death to ignoble poverty."

Jean, who had made a pretence of going away, returned to the charge.

"I say!" he cried out to Garousse, "if you're still bent on killing yourself, I'll keep your basket. 'Sh th' only thing I need to bury Rothschild."

With this conclusion he started off again, singing at the top of his voice his favorite refrain:

Forever wine!
Forever juice divine!

CHAPTER IV.

THE BANK COLLECTOR.

Garousse walked back and forth with long strides, turning and twisting on the quai like a tiger in his cage. He seemed to be revolving in his over-excited brain an idea even more frightful than suicide.

"Everything that is cowardly and vile," said he, repeating the last phrase of the newspaper article. "Well, no! Neither cowardice nor villainy, neither water

nor wine, neither the mud of the street nor the hurdle of the press. If I do this, I shall be an object of terror. Better an object of terror than of shame. Away then with the thought of another suicide; crime's the thing! Yes, a curse not on myself alone, but also a curse upon others!"

He looked steadily before him, in a fit of dizziness, his hand stretched out as if to recover all his losses, riches, pleasures, loves, his head on fire, his eyes bloodshot, seeing everything in red.

Prey to a spasm of homicidal madness, he brandished his hook as if to strike a hoped-for victim.

"What do I see?" he cried, hiding suddenly in the dark angle of the wine-shop. "Oh! Providence of evil, you serve better than the Providence of good."

And he did not stir, crouching behind a part of the wall which screened him from the street-lamp.

Two bank collectors, dressed in blue uniforms with brass buttons and wearing on their heads the three-cornered hats looked upon as an essential of their profession equally with their honesty, were rapidly approaching, completing their route and talking.

One of them carried on his back a heavy money-bag, and an enormous bank-book, held by a strong but small chain, stuck half-way out of his front pocket.

"What a day!" said he to his companion. "I have been delayed by the weight of the receipts. Let us double our pace. Do you know that we carry on our persons half the wealth of the house?"

"Yes," said the other, "it is heavy and tempting. But here we are in Paris. Suppose I leave you and go home? There is no more danger now?"

"No. Thank you, and farewell till tomorrow. As for me, I am going to get rid of this load as fast as possible in order to go home myself. My wife must be anxious."

"Think of mine, then! She is in confinement, you know. One mouth more to feed."

"I know that," said the collector with the big bank-book; "but bah! when one has health, what matters it?"

His honest face beamed. He continued:

"I have a little girl, Marie, a love of a child. She is as big as a cent's worth of butter and gives me a hundred thousand dollars' worth of joy. Oh! I am happy. You see, Louis, a child is the joy of a house."

"Or its sorrow," said the other, shaking his head.

"Yes, but when one has heart together with health and work" . . .

"He has all, you are right, Jaques. That's what I meant."

"Be off, then; let me detain you no longer. Good evening, Dupont."

"Good night, Didier."

Thus they separated, each going in his own direction.

He whom his comrade had just called Jacques Didier continued on his way, apart from the other, and directing his steps towards the lamp in front of the wine-shop.

He walked briskly, thinking of his day's work done, his duty fulfilled, his family's bread earned, and rest by his humble fireside with his young wife and his little Marie.

Suddenly, as he reached the wine-shop, at the corner of the quai, a threatening form emerged from the shadow of the wall, and a terrible voice hurled these words into the silence of the night:

"It is over! Blood . . . gold!"

Jacques Didier stopped short with a cry of distress.

"Help! help!"

He had received a stunning blow. Blood spurted from a small but deep hole in his temple.

Fatally wounded, he staggered a moment; his outstretched hands seemed to grasp at some means of salvation and clutched in the empty air; then, uprooted, losing his footing, he fell at full length, like a tree.

Garousse, frightened but determined, threw down his bloody hook and leaped upon his victim like a vulture on its prey.

Didier then made a last resistance. With his failing arms he surrounded the precious money-bag, and like a faithful dog defending to the last his master's property, he gave, in spite of his death agony, a final sign of energy and honor.

The assassin had to use all his strength in plundering the unfortunate Didier. Death came to the aid of crime against the duty that still defended the coveted receipts. The man of duty at last let go his hold with a plaintive groan.

With his foot on the money-bag, Garousse took hold of the bank-book, fastened by its chain to a button-hole of the uniform, and tried to tear it away.

At that moment a sound of hurried steps fell upon his ear. Frightened, he dropped the chain, which had held firm, and quickly, to make an end, he rummaged the bank-book lined with bills and stuffed the bundles into his pockets by the handful; then, his infamous task ended, he was about to flee, when Jean, recalled by the cries, came running up with an uncertain gait, calling out:

"Well, what's the matter there?"

And throwing down his sack in order to run faster, he fell upon Garousse just as he was picking up the money-bag.

"Assassin! robber! false brother! To dishonor the profession! Help! Wait!" Garousse tried to release himself from Jean's grasp.

"Will you be silent, you rascal?" he said, in a hollow voice, while Jean screamed like a dog at a wolf.

A short struggle ensued between them, near the inert body of the bank collector.

The guilty man saw that he was lost if the combat lasted. He made a desperate effort; his iron hand seized the rag-picker's throat; and, with an irresistible strain, he threw him down by the side of the poor Didier.

"Ah! brigand!" exclaimed Jean, with a choking voice. "What a wrist! What a throw! I shall not soon forget it."

Garousse freely picked up the money-bag. For a moment he looked at the two men stretched at his feet; then, slapping his pockets stuffed with bank-notes, he burst into a diabolical laugh.

"Neither cowardly nor vile," he cried. "Blood and gold. Now I have the wherewithal to live respectable and rich, and so I will live."

The storm had redoubled in fury, drowning in its continuous roar the echoes of this double struggle. Nature seemed no longer indifferent to this human tragedy; the night made itself the murderer's accomplice, an English night: Paris disguised as London for its carnival. One could not see ten steps before him. The assassin disappeared as if he had plunged into the earth. No one but the rag-picker had seen or heard him.

Jean got up painfully.

"Good God!" he repeated. "What a throw! What a wrist! It has sobered me."

In fact, a new expression had replaced his bewildered look. He was transfigured. He seemed awakened from the bestial sleep of Circe, returning by the way of Damas, converted by a revelation, possessed by a vision and an inner voice

Continued on page 6.

Liberty.

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"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel." — PROUDHON.

The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

After "Freiheit," "Der Sozialist."

The first criticism upon *Libertas* came from the Communists by the pen of Herr Most. That I have answered, and Herr Most promises a rejoinder in "Freiheit." Meanwhile there comes an attack from another quarter,—from the camp of the State Socialists. In their official organ, "Der Sozialist," one of its regular writers, J. G., devotes two columns to comments upon my paper, "State Socialism and Anarchism." Under the heading, "Consistent Anarchists," he first institutes a contrast between the Anarchists, and the Communists who call themselves Anarchists, which is complimentary to the former's consistency, logic, and frankness, and then proceeds to demolish the logical Anarchists by charges of absurdity, nonsense, and ignorance, ringing about all the changes on these substantives and their kindred adjectives that the rich German vocabulary will allow. Now, I submit that, if the Anarchists are such ignoramuses, they do not deserve two columns of attention in "Der Sozialist"; on the other hand, if they merit a two-column examination, they merit it in the form of argument instead of contemptuous assertions coupled with a reference to Marx's works which reminds one very much of the way in which Henry George refers his State Socialistic critics to "Progress and Poverty." To tell the Anarchists that they do not know the meaning of the terms value, price, product, and capital, that economic conceptions find no lodgment in their brains, and that their statements of the position of the State Socialists are misrepresentations, is not to answer them. An answer involves analysis and comparison. To answer an argument is to separate it into its parts, to show the inconsistency between them, and the inconsistency between some or all of them and already established truths. But in J. G.'s article there is nothing of this, or next to nothing.

The nearest approach to a tangible criticism that I can find is the statement that I attribute to Marx a conception of the State entirely foreign to the sense in which he used the term; that he did not believe in the old patriarchal and absolute State, but looked upon State and society as one. Yes, he regarded them as one in the sense that the lamb and the lion are one after the lion has eaten the lamb. Marx's unity of State and society resembles the unity of husband and wife in the eyes of the law. Husband and wife are one, and that one is the husband; so, in Marx's view, State and society are one, but that one is the State. If Marx had made the State and society one and that one society, the Anarchists would have little or no quarrel with him. For to the Anarchists society simply means the sum total of those relations between individuals which grow up through natural processes unimpeded by external, constituted, authoritative power. That this is not what Marx meant by the State is evident from the fact that his plan involved the establishment and maintenance of Socialism—that is, the

seizure of capital and its public administration—by authoritative power, no less authoritative because democratic instead of patriarchal. It is this dependence of Marx's system upon authority that I insist upon in my paper, and, if I misrepresent him in this, I do so in common with all the State Socialistic journals and all the State Socialistic platforms. But it is no misrepresentation; otherwise, what is the significance of the sneers at individual sovereignty which J. G., a follower of Marx, indulges in near the end of his article? Has individual sovereignty any alternative but authority? If it has, what is it? If it has not, and if Marx and his followers are opposed to it, then they are necessarily champions of authority.

But we will glance at one more of J. G.'s "answers." This individual sovereignty that you claim, he says, is what we already have, and is the cause of all our woe. Again assertion, without analysis or comparison, and put forward in total neglect of my argument. I started out with the proposition that what we already have is a mixture of individual sovereignty and authority, the former prevailing in some directions, the latter in others; and I argued that the cause of all our woe was not the individual sovereignty, but the authority. This I showed by specifying the most important barriers which authority had erected to prevent the free play of natural economic processes, and describing how these processes would abolish all forms of usury—that is, substantially all our woe—if these barriers should be removed. Is this argument met by argument? Not a bit of it. Humph! says J. G., that is nothing but "Proudhonism chewed over," and Marx disposed of that long ago. To which I might reply that the contents of "Der Sozialist" are nothing but "Marxism chewed over," and Proudhon disposed of that long ago. When I can see that this style of reply is effective in settling controversy, I will resort to it. Till then I prefer to see it monopolized by the State Socialists. This form of monopoly Anarchists would sooner permit than destroy. T.

Should Labor be Paid or Not?

In No. 121 of *Liberty*, criticising an attempt of Kropotkin to identify Communism and Individualism, I charged him with ignoring "the real question whether Communism will permit the individual to labor independently, own tools, sell his labor or his products, and buy the labor or products of others." In Herr Most's eyes this is so outrageous that, in reprinting it, he puts the words "the labor of others" in large black type. Most being a Communist, he must, to be consistent, object to the purchase and sale of anything whatever, but why he should particularly object to the purchase and sale of labor is more than I can understand. Really, in the last analysis, labor is the only thing that has any title to be bought or sold. Is there any just basis of price except cost? And is there anything that costs except labor or suffering (another name for labor)? Labor should be paid! Horrible, isn't it? Why, I thought that the fact that it is not paid was the whole grievance. "Unpaid labor" has been the chief complaint of all Socialists, and that labor should get its reward has been their chief contention. Suppose I had said to Kropotkin that the real question is whether Communism will permit individuals to exchange their labor or products on their own terms. Would Herr Most have been so shocked? Would he have printed that in black type? Yet in another form I said precisely that.

If the men who oppose wages—that is, the purchase and sale of labor—were capable of analyzing their thought and feelings, they would see that what really excites their anger is not the fact that labor is bought and sold, but the fact that one class of men are dependent for their living upon the sale of their labor, while another class of men are relieved of the necessity of labor by being legally privileged to sell something that is not labor and that, but for the privilege, would be enjoyed by all gratuitously. And to such a state of things I am as much opposed as any one. But the minute you remove privilege, the class that now enjoys it will be forced to sell their labor, and then, when there will be nothing but labor with which to buy labor, the distinction between wage-payers and wage-

receivers will be wiped out, and every man will be a laborer exchanging with fellow-laborers. Not to abolish wages, but to make *every* man dependent upon wages and to secure to every man his *whole* wages is the aim of Anarchistic Socialism. What Anarchistic Socialism aims to abolish is usury. It does not want to deprive labor of its reward; it wants to deprive capital of its reward. It does not hold that labor should not be sold; it holds that capital should not be hired at usury.

But, says Herr Most, this idea of a free labor market from which privilege is eliminated is nothing but "consistent Manchesterism." Well, what better can a man who professes Anarchism want than that? For the principle of Manchesterism is liberty, and consistent Manchesterism is consistent adherence to liberty. The only inconsistency of the Manchester men lies in their infidelity to liberty in some of its phases. And this infidelity to liberty in some of its phases is precisely the fatal inconsistency of the "Freiheit" school, the only difference between its adherents and the Manchester men being that in many of the phases in which the latter are infidel the former are faithful, while in many of those in which the latter are faithful the former are infidel. Yes, genuine Anarchism is consistent Manchesterism, and Communistic or pseudo-Anarchism is inconsistent Manchesterism. "I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word." T.

The Effect of Force in Finance.

The course of Senator Reagan of Texas on the question of prohibition has shown him to be anything but a reliable champion of liberty, but nevertheless, when, in a recent Senate debate, he opposed the idea of legal tender paper money and said that, if any more treasury notes were to be issued, they should not be a legal tender for private debts, but should be receivable for all taxes and public dues, he showed due regard for liberty and marked degree of financial insight. The Fort Worth "South West," however, which believes in a complete legal tender money, calls Senator Reagan very hard names for this, and likens what it describes as his partial legal tender scheme—that is, a scheme of legal tender to the government, but not to individuals—to that other partial legal tender scheme according to which the original treasury notes were issued,—that is, a scheme of legal tender to individuals, but not to the government for import duties.

That the treasury notes suffered depreciation under the latter scheme no one now doubts, and the "South West" argues that, both schemes being partial legal tender schemes, notes issued under the former would depreciate similarly: which goes to show how dangerous it is to accept an analogy without first analyzing it. In comparing two things it is important to ascertain, not only in what respects they are alike, but in what respects they are different. These two schemes are undoubtedly alike in the respect that each furnishes a partial legal tender money, but a little closer inspection will reveal a vital difference between them, no less a difference, in fact, than that between a note-issuer who is willing to receive his own notes and one who is unwilling to do so but is determined to force others to receive them.

In order not to overtax the "South West's" power of abstraction, I will make the illustration that I have to offer a little more concrete by substituting John Smith for the government. Suppose that John Smith issues his notes and starts them in circulation, and then, holding a pistol at the head of John Brown, his neighbor, says to him: "If any of my notes are offered you in payment of a debt due you, you must receive them; if you decline, your life shall pay the penalty; but, as for me, I give you and the rest of the world notice that I will not receive these notes in payment of any debts due me." The "South West" will have no difficulty in seeing that John Smith's notes, issued under such circumstances, would rapidly depreciate. In fact, it sees that such was actually the case in a corresponding instance, where John Brown, the citizen, was forced by John Smith, the government, to take notes which the latter issued but was unwilling to accept in payment of import duties.

But suppose John Smith had taken a different course

with his neighbor Brown. After putting his notes in circulation, suppose he had said to Brown: "If any of my notes are offered you in payment of a debt due you, you are at liberty to receive or refuse them, as you may see fit; but I give you and the rest of the world notice that I will promptly receive these notes at their face value in payment of any debts due me." Does the "South West" think that such an attitude on John Smith's part would have caused his notes to depreciate? On the contrary, does it not think that such willingness on his part to trust the fate of his notes to their merits would have inspired in Brown and others a higher feeling of confidence than they ever would have entertained if Smith, even though willing (as he was not) to take the notes himself, had attempted to force them on others? It seems to me that in reason it must answer in the affirmative.

But this answer would be equivalent to an admission that Senator Reagan's partial legal tender not only is widely different from and far superior to the partial legal tender of the original greenback legislation, but must also be given the preference over the complete legal tender which the "South West" has advocated. How easily my Texas contemporary might have avoided this dilemma by the exercise of a little discrimination!

T.

Mr. Blodgett's Final Question.

To the Editor of *Liberty*:

I have one more question, and it does not occur to me now that I shall want to trouble you further in this way.

You say: "I do not believe in any *inherent* right of property. Property is a social convention."

Now, does Anarchism recognize the propriety of compelling individuals to regard social conventionalities?

S. BLODGETT.

GRAHAMVILLE, FLORIDA.

Readers who desire to refresh their minds regarding the series of questions which the above concludes should consult Nos. 115 and 117. The answer to the first question in No. 115 is really an answer to the question now put. There I said that the only compulsion of individuals the propriety of which Anarchism recognizes is that which compels invasive individuals to refrain from overstepping the principle of equal liberty. Now, equal liberty itself being a social convention (for there are no natural rights), it is obvious that Anarchism recognizes the propriety of compelling individuals to regard *one* social convention. But it does not follow from this that it recognizes the propriety of compelling individuals to regard *any and all* social conventions. Anarchism protects equal liberty (of which property based on labor is simply an expression in a particular sphere), not because it is a social convention, but because it is equal liberty,—that is, because it is Anarchism itself. Anarchism may properly protect itself, but there its mission ends. This self-protection it must effect through voluntary association, however, and not through government; for to protect equal liberty through government is to invade equal liberty.

T.

Not a Decree, But a Prophecy.

Have I made a mistake in my Anarchism, or has the editor of *Liberty* himself tripped? At any rate, I must challenge the Anarchism of one sentence in his otherwise masterful paper upon "State Socialism and Anarchism." If I am wrong, I stand open to conviction. It is this. "They [Anarchists] look forward to a time . . . when the children born of these relations shall belong exclusively to the mothers until old enough to belong to themselves."

Now, that looks to me like an authoritarian statement that is in opposition to theoretical Anarchy and also to nature. What is the matter with leaving the question of the control of those children to their two parents, to be settled between them,—allowing them to decide whether both, or only one, and which one, shall have control?

I may be wrong, but it seems to me extremely un-Anarchistic to thus bring up an extraneous, authoritarian, moral obligation and use it to stifle an instinct which nature is doing her best to develop.

I would like to know whether the editor of *Liberty* momentarily forgot his creed that we must follow our natural desires, or if I have misunderstood his statement, or misapplied my own Anarchy.

Paternal love of offspring is, with a few exceptions, a comparatively late development in the evolution of the animal world, so late that there are tribes of the order of man, and individuals even among civilized nations, in whom it is not

found. But the fact that it is a late development shows that it is going to develop still more. And under the eased economical conditions which Anarchy hopes to bring about, it would burst forth with still greater power. Is it wise to attempt to stifle that feeling—as it would be stifled—by the sweeping statement that its object should belong to some one else? Maternal love of offspring beautifies the woman's character, broadens and enriches her intellect. And as far as I have observed, paternal feeling, if it is listened to, indulged, and developed, has an equally good, though not just the same, effect upon the man's mind. Should he be deprived of all this good by having swept out of his hands all care for his children and out of his heart all feeling that they are his, by being made to feel that they "belong exclusively to the mother"? It seems to me much more reasonable, much more natural, and very much more Anarchistic to say that the child of Anarchistic parents belongs to both of them, if they both wish to have united control of it, and, if they don't wish this, that they can settle between themselves as to which one should have it. The question is one, I think, that could usually be settled amicably. But if some unusual occasion were to arise when all efforts to settle it amicably were to fail, when both parents would strongly desire the child and be equally competent to rear it, then, possibly, the fact that the mother has suffered the pain of child-birth might give her a little the stronger right. But I do not feel perfectly sure that that principle is right and just.

I would like to know if Mr. Tucker, upon further consideration, does not agree with me.

F. F. K.

I accept F. F. K.'s challenge, and, in defence of the Anarchism of the sentence objected to, I offer to submit the language in which it is phrased to any generally recognized authority in English, for the discovery of any authoritarian meaning possibly therein contained. F. F. K. seems to misunderstand the use of the word "shall." Now, it may be ascertained from any decent dictionary or grammar that this auxiliary is employed, not alone in the language of command, but also in the language of prophecy. Suppose I had said that the Anarchists look forward to a time when all men shall be honest. Would F. F. K. have suspected me of desiring or predicting a decree to that effect? I hardly think so. The conclusion would simply have been that I regarded honesty as destined to be accepted by mankind, at some future period, in the shaping of their lives. Why, then, should it be inferred from similar phraseology in regard to the control of children that I anticipate anything more than a general recognition, in the absence of contract, of the mother's superior claim, and a refusal on the part of defensive associations to protect any other claim than hers in cases of dispute not guarded against by specific contract? That is all that I meant, and that is all that my language implies. The language of prophecy doubtless had its source in authority, but today the idea of authority is so far disconnected from the prophetic form that philosophers and scientists who, reasoning from accepted data, use this form in mapping out for a space the course of evolution are not therefore accused of designs to impose their sovereign wills upon the human race. The editor of *Liberty* respectfully submits that he too may sometimes resort to the oracular style which the best English writers not unfrequently employ in speaking of futurity, without having it imputed to him on that account that he professes to speak either from a throne or from a tripod.

As to the charge of departure from the Anarchistic principle, it may be preferred, I think, against F. F. K. with much more reason than against me. To vest the control of anything indivisible in more than one person seems to me decidedly communistic. I perfectly agree that parents must be allowed to "decide whether both, or only one, and which one, shall have control." But if they are foolish enough to decide that both shall control, the affair is sure to end in government. Contract as they may in advance that both shall control, really no question of control arises until they disagree, and then it is a logical impossibility for both to control. One of the two will then control; or else there will be a compromise, in which case each will be controlled, just as the king who makes concessions governs and is governed, and as the members of a democracy govern and are governed. *Liberty* and individualism are lost sight of entirely.

I rejoice to know that the tendency of evolution is towards the increase of paternal love, it being no part of my intention to abolish, stifle, or ignore that highly commendable emotion. I expect its influence in the future upon both child and parent to be far greater and

better than it ever has been in the past. Upon the love of both father and mother for their offspring I chiefly rely for that harmonious co-operation in the guidance of their children's lives which is so much to be desired. But the important question so far as Anarchy is concerned is to whom this guidance properly belongs when such co-operation has proved impossible. If that question is not settled in advance by contract, it will have to be settled by arbitration, and the board of arbitration will be expected to decide in accordance with some principle. In my judgment it will be recognized that the control of children is a species of property, and that the superior labor title of the mother will secure her right to the guardianship of her children unless she freely signs it away. With my present light, if I were on such a board of arbitration, my vote would be for the mother every time.

For this declaration many of the friends of woman's emancipation (F. F. K., however, not among them) are ready to abuse me roundly. I had expected their approval rather. For years in their conventions I have seen this "crowning outrage," that woman is denied the control and keeping of her children, reserved by them to be brought forward as a *coup de grâce* for the annihilation of some especially obstinate opponent. Now this control and keeping I grant her unreservedly, and, lo! I am a cursed thing!

T.

"Fraternal" Coercion.

The "Commonweal" is one of those few Socialistic papers that I always have the patience to read, its brightness and thoughtfulness being a rather remarkable exception to the insufferable dullness and commonplace of the average Socialistic journal. In its last issue I find the following clipping, credited to the "People":

Not a Paternal, but a Fraternal, State is what Socialists want. You growlers for individualism, can't you see the difference?

This is a very good illustration of the Socialistic method of avoiding a difficulty and of the enviable ease with which they satisfy their desire for security. Attack them where you will, they are perfectly safe and invulnerable. Destroy their position, and they will change its name and then claim that your fire did not disturb them. You object to the compulsory element of their reformatory utopias, and show them the inconsistency, the absurdity, the self-annihilating tendency of the mode of treatment which they prescribe for society, and they will invent another label for the unwholesome medicine.

Names are of no consequence, gentlemen. Show us that State Socialism does not violate our liberty, does not seek to deprive us of our rightful possessions, and does not force upon us the ignorant superstitions of the majority; but do not try to conceal yourselves behind an euphemism. A "fraternal" State? Bah! Read Bastiat:

"The Montagnards intend that taxation shall lose its oppressive character and be only an act of fraternity." — *Political Platform*. Good Heavens! I know it is the fashion to thrust fraternity in everywhere nowadays, but I did not imagine it would even be put into the hands of the tax-gatherer.

Some men, when under the influence of intoxicating beverages, delight in going around and forcing fraternal embraces and kisses upon everybody that happens to be near at hand, entire strangers not excepted. Doubtless such a drunken individual would be astonished and angered at seeing one offended and repelled by his overflowing cordiality. But the liberty to choose one's friends and associates is very important. We insist upon not being even kissed against our will.

V. YARROS.

To Tax Monopoly Not to Abolish It.

[Galveston News.]

Wherever there is a monopoly taking tribute from the people, such tribute is taken from individuals in specific sums, and not from all individuals alike. Therefore to simply tax and continue a monopoly is to convert to the use of the government the tribute unjustly paid by some people, and not to do such justice as would be done by abating the monopoly. In other words, it is to levy an unjust tax for the State in lieu of allowing an unjust tax for private benefit. A reform, some may say. Well, a partial reform, but with not much difference to the persons imposed upon.

Continued from page 3.

which cried out to him: "Jean, you are guilty also! What have you done with Jacques?" . . . what the mystics and Biblicals formerly called a divine miracle, but which was only the natural awakening of the moral sense, of social duty. In the corpse of his fellow Jean had found again his conscience.

The rag-picker, still dazed by his fall, gathered himself up and took his head in his hands in order to drive away the last fumes of the alcohol.

A voice which seemed like a death-rattle, so slow and feeble was it, recalled him to reality.

"My wife! My child!"

Jean again saw Jacques lying before him, clasping his hands in an impulse of ineffable affection and breathing a last farewell to all that he loved.

"Oh! poor, poor man!" murmured the rag-picker, in the heartfelt tone of a Good Samaritan. "His family! Nothing else was lacking!"

He bent over the dying man covered with blood.

"His wife! his child!" he continued; "it is enough to break one's heart."

And suppressing his emotion in order to console the unfortunate money-carrier, he said:

"Rest easy. Some good soul perhaps will look out for them. I at least will do what I can. Your name, friend?"

And Jacques, with a last unfinished gesture, pointing to the bank-book hanging to his blue coat, ejaculated:

"Berville Bank. . . . Jacques Didier. . . . I defended it . . . but . . . Oh!"

All was over. The body stiffened and stretched out, forever motionless, inanimate. The victim of the Duke Garousse had just expired in the arms of the rag-picker.

The measured and sonorous tread of a patrol then mingled with the noise of the squalls, unchained and furious, which blew down chimneys and tore off roofs in a dismal whirlwind. It rained tiles; blinds opened and closed again, grinding on their hinges and slamming against the walls.

In the uproar of this nocturnal tempest Jean neither heard nor saw the guard. He detached the bank-book, which bore in gilt letters the address of the Berville Bank and the name of the bank collector, Jacques Didier. Trembling and agitated as if he were the author of the crime, Jean examined the bank-book to see if it was really empty, and, reassured, put it under his blouse.

"And he has killed him, the scoundrel," he exclaimed, shaking his head. "A poor devil of a man of the people like ourselves. God! is it possible that we should eat each other thus? Worse than the wolves! Ah! the Cain! It was worth while, indeed, to stop him from killing himself that he might kill another! The bad saved at the expense of the good! It is my fault."

To be continued.

Why Not Commit Adultery?

In Liberty No. 119 Mr. A. H. Simpson caustically criticises Mr. W. S. Lilly's reason for not committing adultery under the *régime* of what is called the "new morality." His point is that "Mr. Lilly never for the moment thinks of the woman in the matter except as an object." Let us for a moment try to set aside all considerations likely to arise in our thoughts that might be attributed to any system of morals, old or new, and discuss the question entirely on the physiological plane. Let us take it for granted that there is truth in the prevalent idea that, when a woman has once conceived and borne a child, her organization has been indelibly influenced by that of the father of it, so that any subsequent children are liable to partake of his nature. Then the next man who may take part with this woman in the procreative act is not entirely the father of his child, rather their child. From this point of view it is even questionable whether a woman may not be impressed by the influence of her lover, though child-bearing be avoided. Then arise two questions,—first, whether a man has a right to indulge the selfish desire of wishing to be wholly the father of a child, and second, whether for the sake of the child it is best that it should be the product of two or more influences, or lines of heredity. When a man marries a widow, he generally does so with his eyes open, knowing what to expect; but is it not right, from the autonomistic standpoint, that a man should be able, if he so prefer, to associate himself with a woman who shall agree to a mutual agreement to maintain strict chastity for the sake of producing a "pure breed" of progeny, if for no other reason? Scientific stock-breeders are very particular with their thorough-bred stock, and do not permit their female stock to become contaminated with males that they would prefer not to use in breeding. In some respects thorough-breds are preferred, but crossing and mixing are resorted to for the advantages to be found in mongrels. Possibly all children would be improved by modes of mixing which would render them mongrels of many mixed types, but, on the other hand, if anything is to be gained by closer breeding, the mothers must be denied some liberty.

E. B. FOOTE, JR.

Liberty, Adultery, and Mental Sex.

Dear Comrade Tucker:

I have received from Dr. E. B. Foote, Jr., the above article for Liberty, accompanied by a note of explanation from which I quote: "Friend Lloyd: I was much interested in your last letter to Liberty, and it seems to me you have the faculty of saying much that I would like to say better than I could say it. What I have written above does not suit me, but it may be in part because I have not evolved clear ideas on the subject, and in part because I am not in the proper mood to best express the little I do think. I send it to you . . . for I thought you might like to comment upon it, and send it to Liberty."

It is certainly needless for me to say that in this very kind and complimentary little note my friend (whose reputation as a clear, concise writer is at least national) is entirely too modest; or to assure you that I have not presumed to alter his article in the slightest, but send it on precisely as dictated. I shall be glad, however, to add a few words of comment, as he requests.

It appears to me that the thought Mr. Simpson endeavored to convey was something like this: A woman has an inalienable right to dispose as she pleases of her own person; marriage is bondage; nothing so invariably and universally breaks the married bond as adultery; liberty is worth having at any price; therefore, says Mr. Simpson: "I maintain that not only have the young man and the married woman the right to commit adultery, but that in the majority of cases it is the best thing they can do—in the furtherance of liberty."

But Dr. Foote, having read the interrogation "Why not?" takes at once a professional view of the matter, and suggests that from the standpoint of stirpiculture there may be, in many cases, a physiological reason why not,—*viz.*, that if thorough-bred progeny is desired, the female must associate sexually with only one male. Now, all unknown to Dr. Foote, I incline to this theory myself, and more, I believe that, whenever the average woman accedes willingly and responsively to sexual union with a man, even where there is no physical impregnation, she is *mentally impregnated*.

I say average woman, because I consider it quite possible, and even probable, that there are women who in the sphere of mental sex are barren and incapable of such impregnation.

By mental impregnation I mean that the spiritual or mental nature of the man at such a time, if the woman is not resistant, flows into her brain and nerves, and perhaps effects phy-

sical changes in their molecular arrangement, mode of action and growth, but at any rate implants, as it were, germs of thought and feeling which will ultimately develop into full-formed ideas and emotions, such as the woman herself never would have had without such fertilization.

Does not the woman also affect the man? I think so, and powerfully, but less so, I believe, in this act than in the ordinary relations of life. In this, it appears to be the ordinary arrangement of nature that the woman should be chiefly receptive and impressible, the man mainly projective and positive.

I think it highly probable that, by a single act of connection with a coarse and sensual man, a refined woman might find herself tainted with cravings and passions foreign to her nature, tormenting and humiliating her for years, perhaps for life; and *per contra*, a woman of low life might by such an association with a thoroughly superior man be lifted temporarily to a higher plane, and imbibe a thirst for better things never to be entirely lost. This is of course only a theory, to be proved or disproved, like all others, by careful observation and comparison of facts, to be accepted or rejected freely by each individual consciousness. But if found to accord fully with truth,—and many facts and popular beliefs might even now be adduced in its support,—it will afford the strongest argument ever yet brought against sexual promiscuity, meaning by promiscuity, not variety in the sexual manifestations of the self-wise forms of love, but careless and inconsiderate gratifications of impulse toward the other sex. If a woman fully accepts it, she will naturally be eager to associate with those men whose mental nobility she admires; equally peremptory in her refusal of men whom she doubts or fears, and wisely cautious in her relations with all; realizing that there are mental as well as physiological and pathological considerations to be taken into account.

But now to Dr. Foote's query, "Is it not right from the autonomistic standpoint that a man should be able, if he so prefer, to associate himself with a woman who shall agree to a mutual agreement to maintain strict chastity for the sake of producing a 'pure breed' of progeny, if for no other reason?" Not exactly; but, if not only "he prefers," but the woman prefers also, then it is perfectly right "from the autonomistic standpoint"; and so it would be if the contract pertained to anything else conceivable, not invasive of outside parties. But the man has no right in Anarchy to force a woman to abide by such an agreement if once her mental consent is withdrawn; and herein is the irreconcilable difference between Free Love and Marriage. Free Love contains no prohibition of exclusive love; it only excludes its enforcement, or rather its attempted enforcement, for forced love cannot be. But adultery (in all ordinary thought and language at least, and Dr. Foote claims no peculiar definition) is purely a legal "crime" pertaining only to marriage, outside of which it has no existence. I wonder if Dr. Foote does not forget this, and if he is not arguing for exclusive love relations rather than for non-committal of adultery. If a woman mistakenly marries a man, and finds that he is not the man she would prefer to be the father of her children, and finds some other man who does satisfy her in this respect, it is perfectly right for her, from the autonomistic standpoint (questions of personal safety aside), to leave her husband and commit adultery with the man of her choice. If she accepts the Foote theory, she will maintain exclusive relations with this man; but she will be none the less an adulteress. Therefore Dr. Foote's suggested argument, granting it full force, becomes no argument for non-committal of adultery, but simply an argument for *exclusive breeding contracts* between human beings; another matter altogether.

Anarchy does not regard its "female stock" as so many cows or mares—"objects," as Mr. Simpson might put it—with sexual functions and affections to be regulated by rape of law; but as free individuals, "stock breeders" in their own right; free to keep themselves pure, or "contaminate" themselves, according to the action and results of their own wise or foolish notions of self-benefit. Nor "must" the mothers "be denied some liberty," let what may be the advantages of closer breeding, except in so far as they themselves perceive those advantages, and make self-application of the requisite denial to obtain them.

Speaking of denying liberty suggests another thought to me. It has always appeared to me that many more people would embrace Anarchy if they clearly comprehended what I call the distinction between liberties and Liberty. A liberty is an opportunity to do, or be, or possess something desired; Liberty is opportunity to pursue happiness in the path indicated by our intellect and impulses, without other restraint than that afforded by the necessary limitations of naturally conditioned existence and operation,—the natural necessities. Nature is continually denying about half our liberties, but of our Liberty she is the great assurance. To illustrate: I have the liberty to sit down; also to stand up; but whichever liberty I elect, Nature denies the other; I cannot both sit and stand at the same time. So with every act in life; if my liberty to do one thing is exercised, my liberty to do its opposite is denied, and there is no escape. But so long as I act from individual initiative, and in accordance with the advice of my own intellect, in pursuit of my own happiness, without invasive interference or coercion from other human beings—and this is what the Anarchist means when he says *Liberty*—I am free and my larger liberty is intact.

When we figuratively speak of nature as a person, it is well enough, perhaps, to speak of her as "governing," to talk of her "laws," etc. But when we do this so often and so seriously that the fable assumes the guise of undisputed reality, we have committed the grave mistake of all theistic systems,—we are worshipping an anthropomorphic imagination as a literal god of despotic power.

Government is the invasive action of a self-conscious intelligence; and there is no sense in speaking of it as exercised by anything else, except figuratively. And a law is a rule or method of government formulated by such an intelligence. Therefore to speak of the laws and government of nature is proper language enough for those Pantheists—if such exist—who regard nature as a consciously intelligent deity; but improper for Christians who should substitute "God" for "nature"; and still more improper for Anarchists, who should regard government and legislation as exclusively human inventions, or at least as commensurate with self-consciousness.

J. WM. LLOYD.

PALATKA, FLORIDA.

Pessimism and Rose-Water.

[London Commonweal.]

Apart from those middle-class persons who have had the good luck to be convinced of the truths of Socialism and are actually working for it, I have met with two kinds amongst persons of good will to the popular cause: first, persons of very strong and marked advanced opinions who are so far from thinking that the holding of such opinions involves any sort of action on their part that they rather (or indeed very much) plume themselves on their superiority over those who act on their opinions, whatever they may be;—of course, such persons are desperate pessimists. The other kind are persons whose opinions are not very advanced, but have a sort of idea that they should act upon them, such as they are, and will undertake cheerfully any little job that may turn up, from total abstinence to electioneering, with a cheerful confidence in the usefulness of their work: but all the while they have not even faced the question as to the necessity of changing the basis of society; they suppose that the present system contains in itself everything that is necessary to cure the evils which they are to some extent conscious of; and indeed some of them are very anxious to stave off the radical change which Socialism proposes by exhibiting the said evils in course of being cured by—well, I must say it—rose-water.

Self-wise Generosity.

Tak Kak and Prescott are sharpening up some pretty fine points,—too sharp for me, I fear, but, as Mr. Prescott insists, I will out with my whittle and bear a hand at the Yankee's pastime. Tak Kak gave me a sharp dig when he said: "I have nothing but contempt for the man who needs to perceive the 'self-wisdom' of generosity in order to be generous"; but he rubbed in the balm of his "no-reflection" so quickly that I hardly felt it. And trusting that few would misunderstand me, I said nothing. And, it has happened, by reason of causes that it would only bore the reader to explain, that I have only just had an opportunity to read No. 113, and therefore was in no position to take part in this discussion before. In No. 115 Tak Kak seems to interpret my meaning in the use of "self-wisdom" very correctly. I did not mean self-wisdom as a synonym for egoism, for I regard all acts as egoistic, whether self-wise, or otherwise, or altogether lacking in wisdom. Whether it is synonymous with intelligent egoism, or not, depends upon the definition of the latter. By intelligent egoism some appear to mean a self-consciousness that all acts are egoistic; and some, a careful study and effort to make all acts in the highest degree useful to self. If the latter is truly intelligent egoism, then my self-wisdom is its synonym; otherwise not. Self-wisdom relates not merely to a benefit to self, for all acts performed by self in some degree benefit self, but to the intelligent choice of the greatest self-benefit among the many possible benefits that may at the time be perceptible to the consciousness. Imagine a man hiding from assassins. He inhales dust and desires to cough. To do so would relieve his irritated lungs—a self-benefit—but would also betray him to death—is not, therefore, self-wise; but whichever way he may act, he is egoistic. Self-wisdom relates to the broader, higher, more lasting, and therefore more admirable benefits to self—to *happiness* rather than pleasure. Generosity, as an impulse, I define as the desire to share a surplus of benefit with others; as an act, it is this impulse carried into execution. Ingersoll says somewhere (I quote from memory) that a man needs feel rich in order to be generous; and I agree with him. The instinct to be generous is usually derived from ancestors who have had a fortunate environment, and, therefore, is often manifested impulsively in the presence of need by those who are poor, but who, by reason of inherited feeling, for the moment feel rich. We may suppose a line of savages too poor to be generous, but producing finally an individual destitute of the instinct, but rich enough to indulge it if possessed, and intelligent enough to appreciate something of its utility. Riding out one day with a spare horse, he meets a neighbor on foot. Coolly reasoning that if he offers this man a ride he will secure his gratitude, and very probably his valuable assistance in the next knock-down and drag-out picnic which they may mutually attend, he invites him to mount the animal. Here is the beginning of generosity. If the experiment is successful it is apt to be repeated, and more and more frequently, until it becomes a habit automatically performed in the presence of an appropriate environment. It is now in shape to be readily transmitted to the next generation as an instinct, or impulse, to be manifested whenever appealed to by the same conditions which called it out in the parent, but not necessarily accompanied by reflection as to its self-benefits. Let the sympathies be now consciously or unconsciously connected with it, and we have generosity in its most common form—a kindly spontaneous desire to share our superfluous good things with our fellows. Put this under the guidance of a thoroughly well-informed and carefully discriminating intellect, and we have it in its best form, *self-wise generosity*.

Now let us suppose a man in civilized life who has inherited a keen intellect, but no trace of generous impulse or instinctive justice. This man is in a position where he "needs to perceive the self-wisdom of generosity" and justice in order to their manifestation. Intelligently he observes and analyses human nature, and concludes that friendship, love, sympathy, respect, are things precious to possess, things given freely on every hand to the just and generous in spirit and intention, but oftentimes most stubbornly refused to those merely just and generous in external act. Calmly surveying the whole situation, he deliberately determines that he will develop within himself just, generous, and altruistic impulses, and carry them into habitual practice till he wins the honor and love of those whose love and regard he covets. Has Tak Kak "nothing but contempt" for this man? If so, why? Why is it more contemptible for a man born deficient in the mental quality of generosity to calculatingly develop that virtue for self-benefit, than for a man born deficient in the physical quality of muscle to deliberately develop his biceps, or for a woman with weak lungs to expand her chest? The fact is, I have an inherited affection for human beings, simply as such, and if I ever found a man for whom I had nothing but contempt, I should probably have nothing but contempt for myself. I have never yet found such a man. This is no reflection upon Tak Kak who, I take it, has found no such men, either.

But what I have said above is no defence of hypocrites. A hypocrite is not a man who perceives the self-wisdom of just and generous desires and intentions ultimating in corresponding acts; he simply perceives that by putting on an external appearance of fairness and warm-heartedness he can allay

suspicion and betray the unwary. This is the man, I take it, that Tak Kak has in his mind's eye; for he, truly, "needs to perceive the self-wisdom of generosity," and his present position is truly contemptible.

J. WM. LLOYD.

PALATKA, FLORIDA, FEBRUARY, 1888.

Patrick is "Onto Us."

[Irish World.]

In our own days and on our own soil the sensibilities of American citizens have been shocked by the frantic efforts of devotees of the "let-alone system" to abolish the institution of marriage and to force our national mails and post offices to be distributors of licentious publications, but now their energies seem to be concentrated upon the destruction of our industrial and social prosperity by pressing Free-Trade fallacies.

The "Irish World" wishes to be charitable in all things and would rather that many guilty should escape than that one innocent person should suffer, but, sustained as it is by the teachings of history and concurrent testimony, it cannot resist the conviction that Free Trade should be classified with the fearful theories of the Free Lovers and Anarchists.

Co-operation

THROUGH COMPETITION, WITHOUT EDUCATION, CAPITAL, OR THE EXPENDITURE OF ANY NEW FORCE.

To the Editor of *Liberty*:

I suppose, "upon last analysis," that differing schools of labor reformers all agree that the one source of their complaints is that the laboree is defrauded of what he earns,—in fact, is supporting somebody who earns nothing.

Why does he do this? Why will he not stop?

Is it said that he cannot because of monopoly, or the law's interference? But monopoly is a combination and an organization to gain strength, economy, and efficiency. Cannot the subjects of monopoly thus combine and organize? And is the law of the State such a legal, artificial, arbitrary thing that it can permanently efface all action, organization, and execution of the natural law?

All monopoly of trade and profit is, today, centring under the control of "Trusts." These Trusts have no legal status whatever and control corporations. Then are we still firing away at legal constructions which do not resist as entities, but only in the emphasis of the superstitious beholder? Why objectivize them into idolatrous recognition? If the State is to be "dissolved in the economic organism," why not build that organism?

If Consolidated Trusts are to combine to control the price of wages through the price of products, and, under the guise of public economy, cause all the people to pay tribute to Caesar, then what are the people going to do? What can they do? Nothing short of forming a coalition on an anti-monopoly and anti-usury basis. As the Combined Trusts, under the spur of profit, have organized to stop competition, in order to bring the demand to the supply, so must the people combine to invite competition on a cost basis, and thus bring the supply to the demand.

To first combine to produce would require capital and experience. With no data as to the consumption, who would know how much to produce? With no market but what was already garrisoned by the enemy, how could we hope to compete? And then, are there not, after all, too many factories in existence already?

To start with a bank, how could the notes find a field for circulation without any organization of business? And does not the issue of free credit beyond the needs of a complete equivalent labor exchange incur risk, speculation, loss, and poverty?

Everybody has to eat, whether he produces or not. Consumption causes custom; custom makes trade, which carries with it a profit. Goods that are sold must be replaced by others that must be produced. The consumption ascertained, the production can be regulated. The goods being already sold or contracted for before they are made, there are no middle men or jobbers or "drummers" to be supported, and the factory guarantees employment. The factory and the store both together furnish a complete field for the circulation of the bank. The factory, the store, and the bank constitute the complete organization of industry, which in turn furnishes the fulcrum of land values and rent. Not only would the elimination of these three indirect forms of taxation probably cause all Trusts to crumble, but the general government itself, in its minor and direct form of taxation, would probably subside into "innocuous desuetude."

Now, is it not possible to organize our commissary stores, arrange our places of production and brokerage of exchange, and invite the "hewers of wood and drawers of water" to escape the present order? Can we not go down into the street and say: "Ho! here is food for the hungry, work for the idle, and justice for all!" Let us see what excuse there is for starvation, how many cannot get employment, and what constitutes a fair recompense. Let us lead this demand to our supply into the "Land of Promise."

If we cannot do this, what virtue is there in our medicine? Do we not need doctoring by our patients? At least, with Yankee ingenuity.

If we can do this, then shall we not find that co-operation

needs no other capital than an idea, no other learning than self-interest, no bluster aside from its inherent power, and no new expenditure of force save that of turning the rudder of our enemy's frigate so that it shall sail into our own harbor.

CHAS. T. FOWLER.

Cranky Notions.

I have had a notion in my mind for several months that it would be a good thing to have a general conference of Anarchists, at which the principles and methods of Anarchy could be discussed and from which a manifesto could be issued to the world. And I suggest Detroit as the place and some time next summer as the time. Detroit is centrally located, and there is a fair number of liberal people here who would be glad to meet that breed of folks who have hoofs and horns. Now, there are lots of things that can be said in favor of such a conference, but I don't propose to say more now. What do the Anarchist readers of *Liberty* think of such a meeting?

Those who contend that Anarchy cannot exist *until* we are all perfect beings remind me of the old lady's advice to her daughter:—

"Mother, may I go down and swim?"
"Yes, my darling daughter;
Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,—
But don't go in the water!"

The dear old lady could not see that her daughter could not swim if she did not go in the water, any more than the other old ladies can see that Anarchy is necessary before we can become more perfect.

The people of Chicago are to prevent strangulation by hanging themselves; or, in other words, they are to move legally against the gas monopoly which has been formed in that city. The Citizens' Association of Chicago has requested the attorney general of Illinois (and he has consented) to bring *quo warranto* proceedings against the gas trusts and to compel the officers of the monopoly to show why their franchise should not be forfeited, on the ground that the powers granted them have been abused and have been exercised to the injury of the people. This action, the New York "Times" says, will attract attention throughout the country, because it is an attempt to break down a trust by the enforcement of such laws as are to be found in the statute books of every State. And if the attorney general succeeds in forfeiting the franchise of the gas trust, it will only show that the law is hot or cold, to suit conveniences; that no dependence can be placed in it, because the evident intention of granting the franchise was to prevent competition and therefore form a monopoly. But suppose the franchise to have been granted with the best of motives and with the intention of benefiting the people of Chicago, it is only another example of how laws have so frequently the exact opposite effect of what was intended. The best way to prevent monopolies (and the only way, by the way) is not to grant them any franchises at all.

While it is true that the eight-hour movement is not a cure-all, yet is it absolutely true that it is a cure-nothing? What the eight-hour day has accomplished for the working people of Australia I have no reliable data at hand from which to learn, but it seems to me that a shorter workday could be made very beneficial in more ways than one. And I know that a day's work can be shortened through trades unions because it has been done. Let me take my own case as an example. I am a wage worker and inclined to studious habits. One reason why I do not study and write and organize the working people more than I do now and help them to educate themselves while I am educating myself is because I lack time. Time is a very essential element in the work we have on hand. Now, last year the printers of this city (Detroit) worked fifty-nine hours for a week's work. We have been agitating for a nine-hour workday all over the country, and were to strike for its enforcement on the first of last November, but circumstances intervened which prevented that. However, as a compromise, the printers of Detroit had two hours taken off their week's work, and now fifty-seven hours constitute a week's work with the same pay as last year. This, it seems to me, is a clear gain. Now, those two hours I can use in studying Anarchy and spreading Anarchistic principles. I know several others who will use these two hours to advantage. The working day has been shortened by the printers, cigarmakers, bakers, bricklayers, painters, carpenters, and several other tradesmen, and this has been done, too, through Anarchistic methods. I have frequently used these facts to show working people that when they want their rights they must take them and not depend upon politicians for the betterment of their conditions. It weans them of their State idol, and strengthens their self-reliance. While the shortening of the workday in itself does not cure our social-industrial ills, it gives us time to learn what will cure. The physician must know the disease and its cause before he can cure it. We do not know principles intuitively and must have time to learn them. This is why I favor the eight-hour movement and why I believe Anarchists should not oppose it.

JOSEPH A. LABADIE.

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